

AMERICA'S STRONG HINT TO GERMAN PIRATES

The Daily Mirror

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THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND: GENERAL JOFFRE INSPECTING THE
HEROIC TROOPS OF FRANCE AS THEIR LEADER AND COMRADE.



This remarkable photograph of General Joffre—the great French commander, who holds the Kaiser's legions in a vice—inspecting a line of his troops happily illustrates the man's temperament. Quiet, dignified and resolute, he is beloved by his devoted

soldiers as their constant guide and friend. The attitude of the General in this photograph, touching one of his privates on the arm, is not one that would be adopted by a Prussian general.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF CLERMONT AFTER SUFFERING A GERMAN BOMBARDMENT. 9119119



This photograph shows a comprehensive view of Clermont, in the Argonne, after it had been bombed by the Germans. It will be seen that the whole of the town has been

practically destroyed, although some of the houses are still standing. There is not a window left in Clermont.

"I WANT MY HONOUR AND MY BABY."

Wife's Dramatic Answer to Counsel's Question in Divorce Suit.

MET AT STATION.

"When you wrote the letters were you carried away by your feelings or only playing the fool?" asked Sir Samuel Evans of Douglas Roland Drummond, the eighteen-year-old co-respondent in the Southern divorce case, the hearing of which ended yesterday.

"Playing the fool," answered co-respondent. He went on to say that he never meant what he wrote in the letters. He wrote because respondent asked him to.

Counsel asked: "Why should respondent ask you to write such letters?"

Judge: Because she is a foolish woman.

The case was tried in which Mr. William Blake Scoble, a commercial traveller, of Winchmore Hill, petitioned for the dissolution of his marriage on the grounds of the alleged misconduct of his wife with Douglas R. Drummond. The charges were denied, as were the cross-allegations of cruelty. The petition was dismissed.

"YOU TAKE THE PRIZE."

A witness named Spencer, carrying on a tobaccoist's business in Westfield, said the co-respondent used to have letters addressed to her shop. One day respondent called there and asked where she could find co-respondent, who was "a champion football player." Witness, a woman, spoke very fast, and the Judge remarked: "I have heard many fast talkers of your sex, but you take the prize."

Petitioner, recalled, denied that he was a violently suspicious man.

Opening the wife's case, Mr. Willis said it was true that in November, 1913, respondent met co-respondent, then about eighteen years of age. At the time she was in great distress about her husband, and spoke to him on a matter. He seemed to sympathize with her, and no doubt he wrote the stupid and silly letters which had been read, but there was nothing incriminating in them.

MRS. SCOBLE'S STORY.

In the witness-box Mrs. Scoble said her married life was unhappy after the second month. When they lived at Winchmore Hill the petitioner passed as a single man and would not walk out with her or the baby.

When they lived at Finchley he went away, leaving her and the baby, who was dying. He said he was tired of the responsibilities of married life and did not want a home. Witness took proceedings at the Highgate Police Court, but a reconciliation was effected.

Then he used to threaten her, and boasted about the girls he had been with. Asked by counsel as to the request of the Judge if she desired a judicial separation in certain eventualities, witness answered: "I only want my honour and my baby. I may have been foolish, but my husband drove me to anything I did. It is all a put-up case and everyone knows it." Later, however, witness said she could never live with her husband again. "I could not trust him," she added.

Speaking of the alleged cruelty, witness said petitioner had kicked her, taken her by the throat and nearly choked her.

She first met Drummond in November, 1913. She was waiting at Wickford Station, when a crowd of young footballers came in. She inquired of her for an hour what she could have tea and a sing-song. There was no hotel, and she showed them where they could go.

FELL INTO TRAP.

On the way she and Drummond found themselves walking together. He asked to see her again, and she replied: "I cannot; I am a married woman."

"Drummond," she went on, "got a great deal out of me—that my husband was not good to me and was going about with girls. At the time I had wounds on my neck and he said, 'What is that on your neck?'"

In reply to counsel, she said she told Drummond everything, and that the latter wrote her five letters and she wrote him about five times. Mrs. Scoble added that she told her husband about Drummond writing to her, and he said it was all right as he could trust her.

"He said: 'I am away from home so much it will be nice for you to have some one to speak to.' I fell into the trap."

She never referred to co-respondent as "my lover," but always called him "My gentleman friend."

Co-respondent, in the box, denied any misconduct, and told a similar story to respondent of meeting her in November, 1913.

LORD ABERDEEN'S FAREWELL CARDS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, Feb. 12.—Two miles and a half of Dublin's principal streets—the route from Dublin Castle to Westland-row Railway Station—will be lined by military to-morrow for the official departure of the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen.

The Lord-Lieutenant has distributed thousands of farewell cards bearing a one-verse message of goodwill composed by himself.

Two thousand schoolchildren will lead the procession and eighteen bands will participate.

The military authorities, as the result of the recent census conducted by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, are calling up those who signed to enlist if called upon to do so.

HOUSEWIVES ON TRIAL.

Perplexing Times for "Dora Copperfields" Who Are Baffled by Figures.

FEWER SECOND HELPINGS.

These are the days when the Dora Copperfields—housewives who "can never make the figures add up"—and have the vaguest notions of economy—are finding things a little bit difficult and bewildering.

For a cool head is needed to deal with the increased prices of food and—in homes where there is only a small fixed allowance for house-keeping—to make "both ends meet."

"We can manage splendidly," says the clever housewife, after she has covered sheets of paper with rows of figures, "but, my dears, we shall have to give up a few luxuries. We must eat less butter and go without sauces, and the children must have fewer 'second helpings.'"

In this spirit the great majority of women in this country are setting about the food problem. Although most things are dear, several foodstuffs are comparatively cheap, so *The Daily Mirror* ascertained yesterday.

Fish and some varieties of game, with a few exceptions, are cheap. Mr. Woolven, fish and poultry salesman, of the Central Fish Market, supplied these figures:—

Mackerel, each	3d. and 4d.
Herrings, each	1d. and 1½d.
Hares, each	1s. 6d.
English brown hares, each	2s. 6d. and 3s.

"For those who can afford them, oysters are very cheap just now," said Mr. Woolven.

"The price of fish varies in a remarkable way from day to day—it is impossible to fix any standard prices. There seems to be very little demand for fish just now. Last week we were selling cod at 4d. per pound, but few people seemed to want it. To-day the price of cod has gone up to 9d. per pound."

The best new-laid eggs were selling at the Central Fish Market yesterday at 1s. 9d. and 1s. 10d. per dozen—2d. and 3d. per dozen cheaper than they were a few days ago.

At the Civil Service Supply Association most varieties of bacon and the best kinds of butter are a halfpenny cheaper per pound than they were last week.

"We are quite optimistic of the prices of several foodstuffs coming down to the normal in the near future," said an official to *The Daily Mirror*.

'RELIED ON THE MILITARY'

Evidence by Messrs. Lyons' Employees in White City Meat Case.

The hearing was resumed at West London Police Court yesterday of the three summonses taken out at the instance of the Hammersmith Borough Council against Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., caterers, Cadby Hall, Kensington, relating to 12cwt. of meat which was seized at the White City on December 3 last.

Henry Apfel, who had charge of the arrangements at the White City, said it was his duty to examine the food.

He was there when the meat in question was delivered on December 2, and it was "bright and sound" in every respect.

Mr. Montague Gluckstein, jun., a manager of the company, said that on December 3 Mr. Apfel told him on the telephone that the meat at the Imperial kitchen had turned, and asked him to hurry the van along with a fresh supply.

Mr. Beaven (for the prosecution): What steps were taken to see that the meat when taken out of the store was fit for use?—Those steps were taken by the military authorities.

What steps did you take to see that the meat was good?—None.

Was it anybody's duty to attend in the morning when this meat was being taken out of the store?—Yes, an officer of the battalion.

Mr. Beaven: Leave the military out of it for the moment.

Mr. Fordham: Do you approve of that system?

—In the light of what has happened, no.

You realise now that you ought to have had some system of inspection?—We relied upon the military officers.

The hearing was adjourned for a week.



The throne-room in Cardinal Mercier's beautiful palace at Malines. It suffered greatly during the bombardment of the town, as did all the principal buildings, and great holes have been torn in the roof and walls by shells.

LURE OF THE LEARNED.

London Turns from War Thoughts to the Study of Insects and Stars.

PURSUIT OF THE PROTOZOA.

London is slowly but inevitably recovering from the effects of the world-war.

No longer obsessed with the gigantic struggles raging on the Continent, men and women are once again turning their thoughts to lectures, concerts, conferences, new books, "at homes," and even dog shows.

It was quite a busy day in the social and public life of London yesterday, for, apart from the usual performances at theatres and music-halls, many interesting public meetings were held by London's learned societies.

Surprisingly good was the attendance at most of these gatherings.

So keen were folks to hear Professor Gilbert Murray's charming lecture at the Bedford College for Women on "Group Insects," last evening, that several days prior to the lecture every seat had been allotted.

Further notable indications of the revival of the public interest in other matters than the war will be seen from a glance at the following subjects discussed in London yesterday:—

"Recent Advances in Oceanography."—Lecture by Dr. W. S. Bruce at the Royal Institution.

"What Women have Done in Art."—Lecture by Mrs. Jopling Rowe at the Women's Institute.

"Protozoa."—Lecture by Professor E. A. Minton (University of London).

Then there were the anniversary meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, a chamber concert at Leighton House, a Shakespeare Society recital at the Haymarket, a race meeting at Hurst Park, and, last, though by no means least attractive, the dog show at the Agricultural Hall.

'THOUGHT OF MY HONOUR.'

Woman's Evidence at Inquest on Special Inspector Found Dead on Line.

Remarkable evidence was given at Tottenham Coroner's Court yesterday at the adjourned inquest on Frank Stronach, an assistant overseer for Edmonton, and an inspector of special police, whose body was found on the line.

When the inquest was opened it was stated that his watch and chain were missing, but the same day the articles were returned anonymously to the police.

Mrs. Overton, of Devonshire-street, Mile End, said she had known deceased for four years, and she met him on the night of February 1 in response to a telegram, outside Hackney Town Hall.

She accompanied him on the platform at Cambridge Heath, and he said: "Do you know I am being blackmailed?" She replied: "Don't be silly." He then said: "Another thing, I am going to the front. Take this watch and chain as a memento."

The following night she read in the news-papers a report of his death, and later she saw that the police were searching for the watch and chain, which she then returned.

The Coroner: But you did not send any name with the watch and chain.

Witness burst into tears and replied: "I had to consider my own honour as well as his."

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE SCHOOLGIRL.

There was a proud little schoolgirl in West Hartlepool yesterday. Her name is Ethel Morris. A short time ago she sent the following note to Admiral Beatty:—

I am sending this short letter to tell you how pleased I am you saved Hartlepool.

My poor schoolmate was killed in the bombardment.

I hope I may see you some day to give you three cheers.

To her great delight she yesterday received an autographed picture postcard of the Lion from Admiral Beatty conveying his best wishes.

VARIETY ARTIST AND A MIDNIGHT FIGHT.

Miss Victoria Monks Sued as Result of a Quarrel.

"GO FOR HIM, FRIDAY."

"Take him outside, give him a good hiding, knock his teeth out and hit him in the eye."

These words were attributed by a witness to Miss Victoria Monks, the music-hall artist, who was defendant in an action in Mr. Justice Bailhache's court yesterday.

Mr. Edgar Maxwell and his wife, both described as music-hall artists, claimed damages from Miss Monks for alleged assault, false imprisonment, wrongful dismissal, slander, arrears of salary and for the return of their goods.

Mr. Maxwell claims that he was employed by Miss Monks as her manager, while his wife acted as housekeeper at defendant's house at Tulse Hill.

The hearing was adjourned.

STORY OF GOLF STICK ATTACK.

Mr. Arthur Powell, K.C., for the plaintiffs, said that on September 19 Miss Monks and Mr. Maxwell had been at the Holborn Empire at night and afterwards they took a certain amount of drink. Miss Monks's chauffeur, whom she called "Friday," also had some drink with them.

Afterwards they were driven home to Tulse Hill, stopping on the way to have some more drink. They arrived at Tulse Hill about 12.30 a.m. Shortly afterwards Mr. Maxwell's hat appeared to have been damaged by the chauffeur and Maxwell took the chauffeur's hat and threw it out of the door.

Miss Monks said: "How dare you treat my chauffeur like that? I won't have it," and she took up a golf club and struck Maxwell in the eye. Then she said: "Go for him Friday. If you don't I will." She picked up a piece of stone from the rockery and threw it at Maxwell.

SUPPER AND MORE DRINKS.

Afterwards she sent for a policeman and Maxwell was charged by Friday with taking up. After that Miss Monks with Mrs. Maxwell and the policeman went back to the house and had some supper and some more drink.

Next day the charge against Maxwell was withdrawn and Maxwell and the policeman and the chauffeur went off somewhere and had a drink all round.

Maxwell went back to Tulse Hill, where Miss Monks shouted to his wife: "Don't let him in," and said she was not going to have anything more to do with him or his wife.

She told her husband she would have to go at once and she informed her that she had already sent for a furniture van for the removal of Mr. Maxwell's furniture.

Mrs. Caroline Maxwell, one of the plaintiffs, described the fight on September 13.

In cross-examination, witness denied that she had brought this action against the defendant in the name of Monks, but in the name of the popular Theatre Royal.

There was no fighting between Maxwell and the chauffeur until defendant came out and caused him to fight.

WHAT EVERYBODY DRANK.

Edgar Maxwell next entered the box, and said he was a music-hall artist. He and Mrs. Maxwell went to live at Miss Monks's house at Tulse Hill in February, 1913. Miss Monks appointing him as her business manager at £2 per week with expenses.

Describing what happened after the visit to the Holborn Empire, witness said he had had two chickens and Miss Monks had had several liquors served to her in her dressing-room—creme de Menthe, they were.

At Francis's house had a bottle of beer and Miss Monks had a liqueur. Friday had had two half-quartiers of whisky at the Holborn Empire, and at Francis's he had a bottle of Bass.

They stopped at the last house on the road to Tulse Hill to have another drink just before closing time. Witness ordered a bottle of Bass, but he had not time to drink it. The others had brandies and sodas or whisky.

When they arrived at the house Friday took in the luggage and saw witness's hat on the stand and knocked his fist through it. Witness took Friday's hat off and threw it out of the door. Miss Monks came out, and said: "You have assaulted my chauffeur," and then to Friday she said: "Take him outside and give him a good hiding; knock his teeth out and hit him in the eye. I will see he doesn't touch you."

She struck witness in the left eye with a golf club, and his wife wrenched the club out of her hand.

Giving evidence, Miss Victoria Monks, who wore a smart blue serge costume, said that she met Mrs. Maxwell, Brixton-road, and she was in much distress. Witness took compassion on her and told her she could come and live with her and her servants could wait on her.

Witness said Friday came running in and said Maxwell was killing him. Miss Dunville went out, and said: "Maxwell has been drinking brandy. He is mad."

At this period witness almost broke down. With tears in her eyes she denied that she ever took part in the assault.

WILL BAR SIGNOR PUCCINI'S WORKS.

PARIS, Feb. 12.—In consequence of Signor Puccini's refusal to associate himself with the protest against German atrocities, M. Gheusi, manager of the Opera Comique, has decided his intention of striking that composer's works off his repertoire.—Reuter.

BRITISH AIR RAID ON FOUR SUBMARINE BASES

Thirty-Four Pilots Rain Bombs on Foe's Positions.

OSTEND RAILWAY STATION BURNED DOWN.

Flight Commander Grahame-White Falls Into Sea and Is Rescued by Ship.

MISSILES DROPPED ON GUNS AND MINE-SWEEPERS.

British airmen have given a swift and crushing reply to Germany's boast that she will blockade Britain with submarines.

No fewer than thirty-four naval aeroplanes and seaplanes have taken part, the Admiralty announced last night, in a raid on four of Germany's submarine bases in Belgium.

Bombs were dropped on Bruges, Blankenberg, Zebrugge and Ostend.

The exact amount of damage done is not known, but it is more than probable that the Germans will be kept busy for some time in building more submarines.

Much credit for the wonderful exploit goes to Commander Samson, the airman on whose head the Germans have put a price of £1,000. He was in charge of the raiding machines, and has the satisfaction of knowing that the bombs dropped on Ostend railway station probably burned the place to the ground.

Flight-Commander Grahame White, who took part in the raid, had the bad luck to fall into the sea off Nieuport. He was, however, safely rescued.

Though heavily fired at, all the airmen returned in safety.

AIR ARMADA'S RAID ON FOUR GERMAN BASES.

Ostend Station Reported Destroyed as Result of Naval Wing's Thrilling Exploit.

The thrilling story of the air raid is told in the following Admiralty statement issued last night:—

During the last twenty-four hours combined aeroplane and seaplane operations have been carried out by the Naval wing in the

Bruges, Zebrugge, Blankenberg, and Ostend

districts with a view to preventing the development of submarine bases and establishments. Thirty-four naval aeroplanes and seaplanes took part.

Great damage is reported to have been done to the Ostend Railway Station, which, according to present information, has probably been burned to the ground.

RAILWAY LINES TORN UP.

The railway station at Blankenberg was damaged and the railway lines torn up in many places. Bombs were dropped on gun positions at Middlekerke, also on the power station and German mine-sweeping vessels at Zebrugge, but the damage done is unknown.

During the attack the machines encountered heavy banks of snow. No submarines were seen. Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into the sea off Nieuport and was rescued by a French vessel.

Although exposed to heavy fire from rifles and from aircraft guns, mitrailleuses, etc., all pilots are safe. Two machines were damaged. The seaplanes and aeroplanes were under the command of Wing-Commander Samson, assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore and Squadron-Commanders Porte, Courtney and Rathborne.

AIR DUEL OVER BRUGES.

NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE, Feb. 12.—Much of the German bombardment of the northern section of the western line has been of a purely destructive character.

On Tuesday the Germans sent 400 shells into Arras. A British airman had an exciting duel with a German rival over Bruges yesterday.

The pair got within pistol shot of each other, thus preventing German artillery from firing at the British pilot. Neither did the other any damage.—Central News.

According to a Reuter telegram from Dunkirk Flight-Commander Grahame White's machine fell into the sea in the Zuydcoote Channel. It was towed into port by a British gunboat.

The pilot was picked up by a tug and taken to Dunkirk.—Reuter.



Lord Londonderry was buried in the family mausoleum at Long Newton, Stock-on-Tees. The picture shows the cortege leaving Wynyard Hall. Among the mourners were Sir Edward Carson and Lord Charles Bessford.

WASHINGTON'S PLAIN WORDS TO BERLIN

Note Warning the Kaiser that Sinking of an American Ship Will Be "Indefensible"—Lusitania Flag Incident.

"If you destroy an American ship or the life of an American citizen we shall hold you to the strictest account, for that will be an indefensible violation of neutral rights."

These, briefly, are the very plain words of Washington to Berlin.

America's Note to Germany is marked by a firm tone. It is pointed out that the destruction of an American ship would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily existing between the two Governments.

In the American Note to Great Britain the action of the Lusitania in flying the Stars and Stripes to avoid a German submarine is mentioned.

Any general use of the U.S. flag by British vessels will be viewed with anxious solicitude.

"UNPRECEDENTED ACT."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The text of the United States Notes to Germany and Great Britain has now been published.

The Note to Germany—"with sincere respect and the friendliest sentiments"—reminds the Imperial Government that the sole right of belligerents is limited to visit and search unless a blockade is effectively maintained, "which this Government does not understand is proposed in this case."

The Note continues: To declare or exercise the right to attack or destroy any vessel entering the prescribed area on the high seas without first certainly determining its belligerent nationality and the contraband character of its cargo is an act so unprecedented in naval warfare that this Government is reluctant to believe that the Imperial Government of Germany in this case contemplates it as possible.

The Note reminds the Imperial Government that the United States is now open to criticisms of unneutral acts and says that

If commanders of German vessels of war act on the presumption that the flag of the United States is not used in good faith and should destroy on the high seas an American vessel and the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the Government of the United States to view such an act in any other light than an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard

indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily existing between the two Governments. In conclusion, the Note mentions the fact that representations have been made to Great Britain regarding the "unwarranted use of the American flag for the protection of British ships."

The Note to Great Britain says that the State Department has been advised of the declaration by the German Admiralty that on January 31 the British Government explicitly authorised the use of neutral flags.

It also mentions the Lusitania incident, and the Press reports of the statement by the British Foreign Office defending the use of neutral flags, and declares that the American Government will "view with anxious solicitude any general use of the flag of the United States by British vessels traversing these waters" (i.e., the area prescribed by Germany).—Reuter.

"ALMOST AN ULTIMATUM."

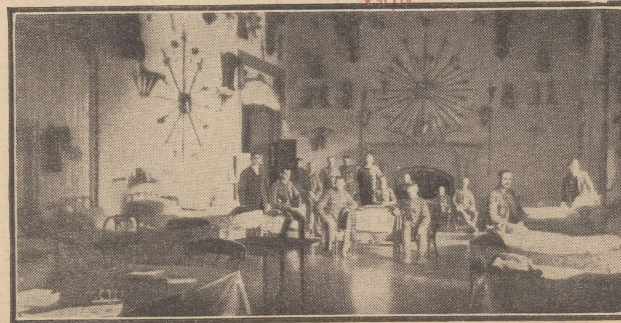
NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The World, in a leading article on President Wilson's protest to Germany regarding the German Admiralty's "blockade" announcement, says that the protest is strong and emphatic, but neither stronger nor more emphatic than the case requires.

"President Wilson's statement," continues the journal, "that he would be constrained to hold the Imperial Government to strict accountability," etc., is almost the language of an ultimatum, but the language of an ultimatum designed to maintain peace between the United States and Germany and prevent war between the United States and Germany."

The journal adds:—The Note to Great Britain is a corollary of the Note to Germany. The President is voicing American sentiment, and the two Notes are a true expression of honest neutrality.—Reuter.

"STRAIGHT OUT NOTICE."

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The Press, in an editorial article forcibly comments on the tone of the American Note to Germany. "Our Government," it says, "gives straight out notice to the German Government that no American vessel properly flying the American colours in the exercise of an indisputable right can be torpedoed deliberately or accidentally without strict accountability to the nation."—Reuter.



Wounded soldiers in the armoury of Brancepeth Castle, which has been converted into a hospital.

RUSSIANS RETIRE FOR DECISIVE STRUGGLE.

Retreat in East Prussia the Prelude to "Long and Great Operations."

£10,000,000 WAR LOAN.

Why the Russians retired in East Prussia is now explained by an official message from Petrograd.

This foretells the beginning of a long and decisive struggle.

Having hurled themselves in vain against the Russian lines in Poland, and, according to one account, left 40,000 dead on the battlefield, the Germans are massing for a great effort in East Prussia.

To meet this new attack the Russians have retired to rearrange their lines and effect greater concentration.

The Kaiser, says Reuter, has arrived on the East Prussian battlefield. The Germans claim to have captured 26,000 prisoners, twenty cannon and thirty machine guns.

The Bank of England announced yesterday the issue of £10,000,000 yearly Russian Treasury Bills at the price of 95 per cent.

The list of applications will be closed on or before Thursday next.

FOE'S FOUR NEW CORPS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 11.—The following official statement is issued here:—

It was recently definitely ascertained that four new army corps had appeared in East Prussia, formed partly from Prussian troops from the Western front, partly from new recruits, and partly from reserve forces.

This radically changes the situation, and necessitates the falling back of our troops in order to assure the possibility of rearranging them and effecting greater concentration.

Such an object can best be attained on our own territory in the shelter of our fortresses.

It must be presumed that we are on the eve of a great and long operation, which ought definitely to decide the struggle in Eastern Prussia.

This circumstance will render necessary some brevity in the communications of future fighting, taking into account the strict necessity of keeping operations of war secret.

After twenty-two ineffectual attempts the Germans succeeded in occupying with large forces, after a sanguinary attack, the heights of Koziomoka, but they were dislodged after a fierce bayonet fight, and left 400 dead on the field.

In the Black Sea, the Russians have sunk a Turkish transport loaded with about 900 tons of provisions.—Reuter.

40,000 DEAD GERMANS.

PARIS, Feb. 12.—The following communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Poland the check to the latest great German attacks appears to be an accomplished fact.

The Russians are stated to have inflicted on their adversaries losses of which all those hitherto recorded can give no conception, for they exceed 40,000 dead.

An eye-witness draws an appalling picture of the massacre. The fate of our mitrailleuses, he says, mowed down the packed ranks of the enemy as a blade of steel might have done.

The combat over the mountains of mountains of fallen men from which there arose shrieks of agony, and at nightfall by the light of our searchlights we saw these mountains rising and falling with the efforts of the wounded to rise.

Towards two o'clock in the morning there was no further movement.—Central News.

ROMANIA FOR WAR.

ROME, Feb. 12.—Writing from the frontier, the Vienna correspondent of the *Messenger* states that the negotiations undertaken by a group of Hungarian and Rumanian Deputies with a view to the amicable settlement of the questions affecting the Rumanians in Transylvania have ended in utter failure.

M. Constantin, editor of *L'Adeverul*, declared that Rumania could no longer ignore the aspirations of the Rumanians of the Transylvania and that the nation must seize this opportunity to free them. The failure of Rumania to declare war would be tantamount to national suicide.—Exchange.

DAY OF BIG GUN DUELS.

PARIS, Feb. 12.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Between the sea and the Somme: There were artillery engagements.

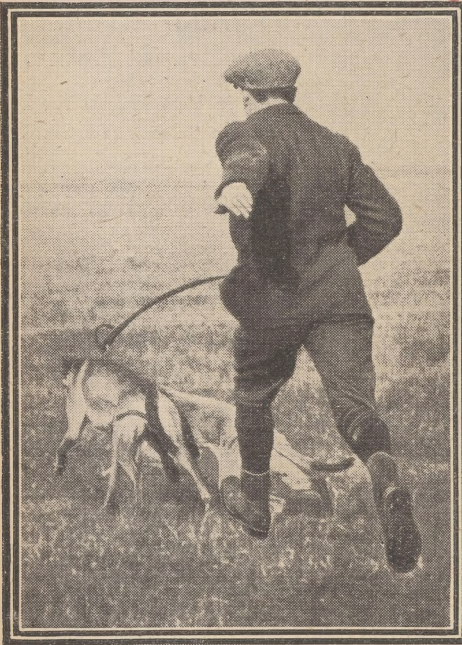
To the south of La Boisselle: The enemy exploded a mine five hundred yards from our trenches, but we maintained our position.

From the Somme to the Argonne: The only events reported are the bombardment of Tracy-le-Mont by the enemy, and the activity of our artillery in the sectors of Rheims and Soissons.

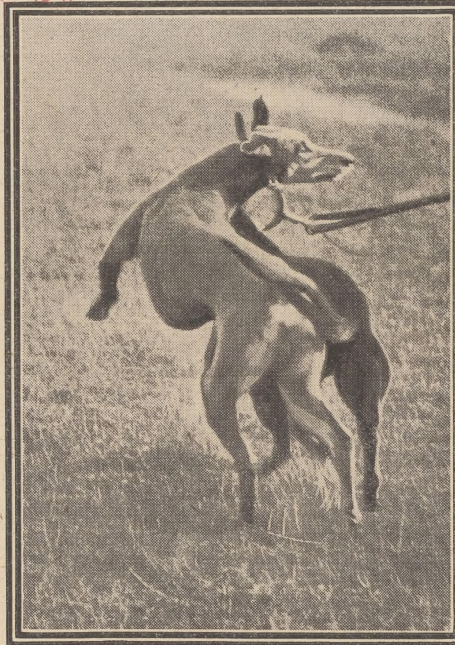
In the Meuse: There was a fairly intense bombardment from the German side in front of Ramboucourt and the Wood of La Hazele.

We bombarded the railway stations of Thiaucourt and Arneville.—Central News.

THIS IS THE REAL THING IN HARE AND HOUNDS.



Make Sure and Long Chase being slipped.



Looking at the slipper.



Racing Record and Honiton Point after the hare in the Westcourt Stakes.

Coursing remains one of the most popular sports in the country. Splendid sport was witnessed by a large attendance when the Gravesend Coursing Club, in conjunction with the Cliffe and Hundred of Hoo Coursing Club, held their meet on Cooling Marshes.

OVER NICELY! CAVALRY CLEARING A DITCH AT RICHMOND.



The British cavalry is everywhere getting ready for stirring times just now. There has been a cavalry field day at Richmond Park, and in this photograph the officers of the Middlesex Hussars are seen clearing a ditch in first-class style. We shall hear more of our cavalry shortly.

Take care of your Hands

Do not let your hands get rough and red or become unsightly with chaps and chilblains or through domestic duties. Protect and beautify them by the regular use of POND'S Vanishing Cream, which is world-famous as the surest means of keeping the skin white, soft, smooth and free from blemish.

regular use of POND'S Vanishing Cream, which is world-famous as the surest means of keeping the skin white, soft, smooth and free from blemish.

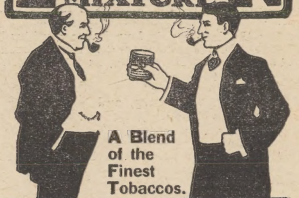
POND'S VANISHING CREAM is the daintiest toilet preparation ever produced. Free from grease, stain, or stickiness; will not soil gloves, lace, linen, &c. No need to wear sleeping gloves; no massage necessary. Apply it morning, evening, and after washing. You will be delighted with results. POND'S VANISHING CREAM is also the finest of all toilet preparations for the complexion; much imitated, but never equalled. Warmly praised by celebrated artists, including, Maes, Pavlova, Tetrazzini, Kirby Lunn, Miss Neilson Terry, &c. POND'S VANISHING CREAM is indispensable when cold winds, frost, fog and rain threaten your comfort and appearance. Give it a week's trial and you will quickly realise its remarkable virtues.



Free Sample tube post free on receipt of 1d. stamp. Sold by Chemists in 1/- Tubes, and 1/- and 2/- Oral Jars. Refuse imitation "Vanishing Creams." POND'S is the original and has never been equalled. POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Incorporated in England) (Dept. 301, 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 40)

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MEDIUM CIGARETTES
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BRADFORD'S VOWEL WASHER

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Washing Machines from 35s. Carriage Mangle Machines 25s. Free. Wringing Machines from 22s. Special Discount.

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"Everything for the House and Dairy."

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130, Bold St., Liverpool; 1, Dean-gate, Manchester

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1915.

BOXING.

WITH A WINSOME SMILE—or with what was intended to be such—she approached you suddenly as you hurried through the street, and, holding up a very shabby-looking box with both little hands, she uttered in a manner meant to be irresistible: "Oh, please, a penny for my box!"

Being very timid, and also being, at the moment of attack, taken unawares, you stopped, blushed, apologised, fumbled and produced a penny—or it may have been sixpence, since one never happens to have change on these occasions. And this coin you placed within her little shabby box.

Then you hurried on and dismissed the thought of it.

But no, not entirely!—you remembered it a minute later, as, afar off, another hovering female was seen dodging at street corners; this second apparition brought the general aspect of it to mind, and you said to yourself, in a beginning of resistance: "Why? Why should I? Her box? What box? What was it for? I never inquired. I never asked her what it was for. It was probably for something I don't approve of. It may have been for herself. I don't approve of her. I don't like women who dodge about the streets with boxes. They shouldn't do it. I will never put another penny in a box."

And then we imagine that you fell to wondering what would happen if, one day, an old curmudgeonly cross gentleman, proof against the power of the sex, were to be met by one of these artful dodgers and duly boxed by her.

He would draw himself up to his full height—for he ought to be rather tall—and say: "Madam, this is most unseemly. Ladies should not hover in the streets boxing. In my day, madam, such conduct would have been considered reprehensible, and I cannot consider that, in this single respect, the times have notably improved. Anybody who wants anything is now apparently permitted to hover about the streets asking for it. I want things, madam. I desire old books. I require folios of rarity to nourish my age and console my desolation. But do I wait about and ask for them? Do I start a collection for them? Do I rattle a box? Believe me, madam, 'twere better to go home and give up this life." And, very politely, he would raise his worn top hat and go away.

Whereupon she would say: "Horrid old thing!" and wait for some one younger.

And some day perhaps to her will come a young but inquiring person who, after putting at least a shilling in her box, and seeing her winsome smile, will pluck up courage to ask her what exactly it is that she is collecting for, and to what precisely he has given that shilling in the box. To him (so our dream runs) she, in a moment of exquisite candour, and with another smile even more winsome than the first, will open her mouth and answer: "It's for myself; just for little me!" And she will smile a third time upon him.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 12.—There are a great many interesting crocus species besides the few sorts usually found in gardens. Many of these bloom during the winter and early spring, making a delightful show on some sunny bank.

The following kinds are in flower to-day: Biflorus (snowy white, feathered violet), susianus (golden-yellow, marked with brown), tomasianus (sapphire-lavender) and usicolor (ruby-purple).

In planting crocuses the bulbs should be placed just under the soil. They are generally set too deep. In July they may be dug up and divided.

E. F. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE."

WHEN I got my son away from the station the other day, and when nobody was looking, I gave him a good hug and asked him your question—"What's it really like?"—together with a good many others.

His answer was, "Beastly dull, mother. What theatre have you got seats for?" And I can scarcely get him to tell me anything more exciting about it.

P. M. E.
Church-road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

THE WORK at the front may seem to many of them a little dull at present, but, as "W. M." points out, that is surely a good thing. When the spring comes I am afraid the complaint

flourished to be killed, that she would have another chance of marrying when that wholesale slaughter is ended, and (2) wedded life with a disabled man and a struggle to make both ends meet. I know which I would choose were I engaged to a soldier.

At the same time, the hope that he may be spared to me, safe and whole, would buoy me up during the strife.

L. L.

GRANTED that the present is a time for grave thoughts, does it follow that marriage is a silly, nonsensical frivolity? And is the girl who is willing to provide a comfortable home for her lover, so that he may have something to look forward to, the thought of someone to keep him straight, to be called unpatriotic? It really

THE WAR SWEEPS AWAY VALETUDINARIANS.



W. K. KIMBELDEN.

What has become of imaginary maladies, hypochondria, valetudinarianism, since the war broke out? Perhaps these people, having something else to think about, have now ceased to be ill.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

of dullness will be no longer heard. Evidently the Germans are preparing their final effort for the time when (as Lord Kitchener is supposed to have said) the war will "begin." Our brave men will not object to that. But we who watch them and whose hearts are constantly with them will then have our full share of expectation and excitement. I don't think, meanwhile, that we should complain of the interval of waiting. We hold our line and are helping to wear Germany out. The longer this waiting goes on, the stronger it sees us, and the weaker in money and men it sees her. She is now the besieged country, and must look to her defences. We, as the besieging party, have the fuller command of food, ammunition and reserves of fighting force. Let us be of good hope and wait with patience.

OLD SOLDIER.

Brunswick-place, Hove, Sussex.

LOVE IN WAR TIME.

I DO NOT think any soldier would be cad enough to urge a girl to marry him before his departure to the front; it is for her to decide. She has to choose between two evils: (1) spinsterhood for ever (as it is unlikely, should her

is extremely foolish of "Bachelor" to call love and marriage silly, nonsensical frivolity. It begins by designating true love and marriage silly and nonsensical, where, pray, is he going to stop? As to a newly-wed wife being a burden and a trouble, when "Bachelor" falls in love he may change his opinion.

And surely it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?

UNDERGRADUATE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

IT is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; *thou shalt* was ever His word, with which He superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it.—R. L. Stevenson.

COMING CREEDS.

The World's Attitude Towards Religion After This War.

APOSTASY.

IF "Perdita" will read the Athanasian creed a little more she will see that the condemning clauses refer to those who shall let go or defile the faith they have once held. In other words, it condemns apostates. And necessarily so, if the Catholic Church is to be holy and holy. The heathen are not taken into consideration at all in these clauses; they are, however, included when it states that "all men" shall rise again with their bodies and be judged according to their works.

Christians have a far greater responsibility, for they shall be judged not only by their works, but also as to how faithfully they have held the Catholic faith.

If men wish it, let them draw up fresh creeds, but my objection is to their revising those of the Christian.

Buddha is not older than Christ, since Christ is the eternal Son of God Who revealed Himself in various ways to the Jews and the Patriarchs long before He came in person.

LAYMAN.

THE BUDDHA AND CONFUCIUS.

THE two universal creeds of "The Apostles" and "Nicaea" can be felt, I should think by all, to contain "eternal truth," which Confucius and Buddha, had they been living, would have undoubtedly accepted. I am quite sure that their great minds in the spirit world have been in accordance with the gospel, since revealed, but containing more explicitly the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which each generation is apt to forget or ignore.

S. B.

"TRUE" CHRISTIANITY OUR old creeds have not kept the world from this war. That judges them, or at least our manner of holding them.

What will the creed of the world be after this war? Will it be more like true Christianity?

Rye, Sussex. C. T.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

IT IS a pity "Layman," before saying that certain dogmas are "eternal truth," did not first inquire the origin of these creeds.

In these days one should be careful not to employ anything "made in Germany," and the dogmas he wants us all to subscribe to were made by Martin Luther, a German.

There must be plenty of home-made, or made by our Allies, dogmas which one can subscribe to.

INSULAR.

THE FINAL TRUTH.

"PERDITA'S" letter overlooks the fact that the Athanasian Creed only applies to those who having had every chance of accepting the Christian faith, wilfully

reject it. The words used are not stronger than those used by Christ concerning such. Again, whatever truth Buddha and Confucius also may have taught only strengthens the case for Christianity, for whatever is true, beautiful or pure in any other religion is contained in Christ's teaching, which differs from all others in that it is without their manifest imperfections.

TRUTH.

BEFORE THE END.

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels; and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,

All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow;
All whom Death, war, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose
eyes

Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.

But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For it above all those my sins abound,

'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'st sealed my pardon with thy blood.

—JOHN DONNE (1631).

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD LONDONDERRY AT LONG NEWTON.

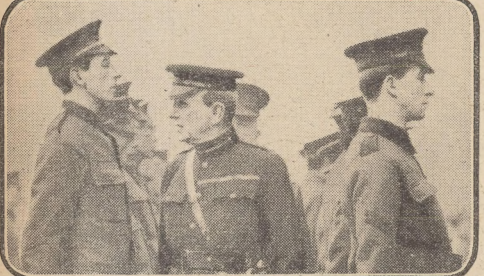


The cortege leaving Wynyard Hall.

The funeral of the late Lord Londonderry took place on Thursday. The interment was made in the family mausoleum at Long Newton, Stockton-on-Tees. The Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Jarrow officiated at the funeral service. The King and Queen were represented by Lord Chesterfield.

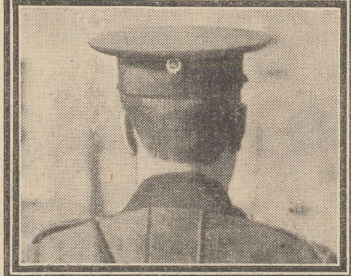
Amongst the mourners were Lord Charles Beresford and Sir E. Carson.

INSPECTING THE RESERVES.



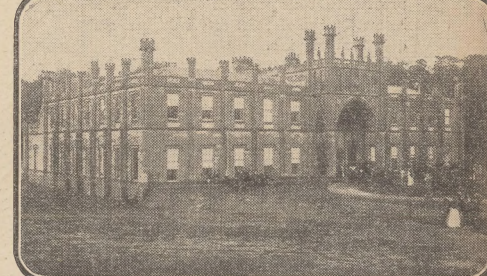
Major-General Sir Alfred Turner inspecting the National Reserve (South Essex Battalion) at Clifford's Inn. The men showed themselves of smart and soldierly appearance and of good physique.

THE BACK CAP BADGE.



The Gloucester Regiment wear a badge at the back and front of their caps because they fought back to back in Egypt.

A NICE QUIET HOME FOR THE HUNS.



This noble and luxurious residence is Donnington Hall, formerly the residence of the sporting Marquis of Hastings. It is now fitted up for the comfort of German officers who are prisoners of war.

LEARNING TO CROSS THE RHINE: KITCHENER'S ARMY IN TRAINING AS ATHLETES.



Vaulting the 7ft. 6in. wall.

The men belonging to Kitchener's Army at Aldershot would, if the war were suddenly to terminate, be able to earn their livings as first-class athletes. Vaulting over a 7ft. 6in. wall, crossing the crossbeams, a difficult balancing feat, vaulting over barbed wire railings and balancing feats on crossbeams are amongst the tasks in which they are proficient.

EVEN A DONKEY HAS SENSE!

911908N



This peaceful donkey, like many other things in this world, has suffered from German militarism. It has been captured by one of the Huns, but, unlike Turkey, has far too much sense to willingly follow a German.

GIVING THEIR RIFLES A WARM BATH.

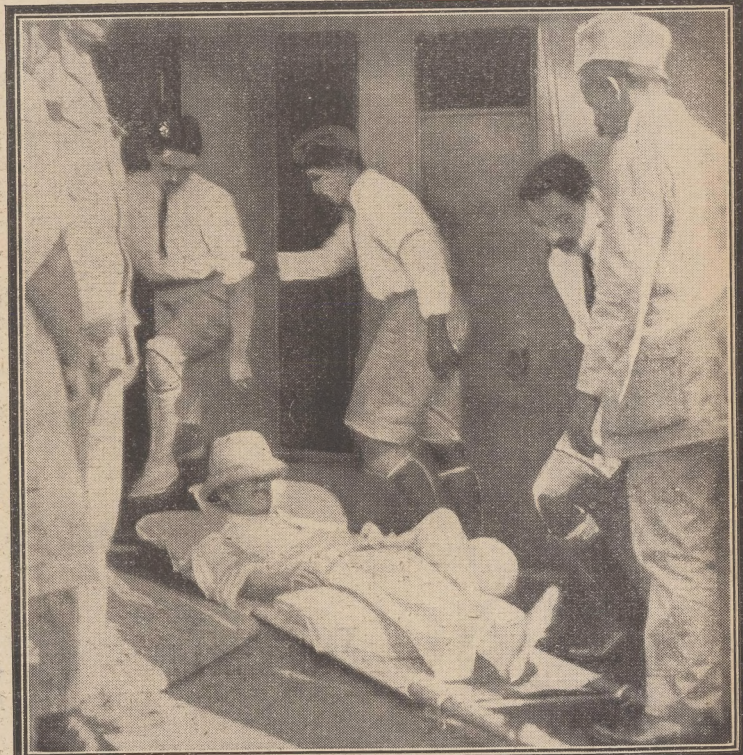
9323B



By pouring boiling water down the barrels of their rifles our soldiers keep the rifles clean of dust. Cleaning a rifle for active service is an important operation in which our troops excel.

COMFORT FOR BRITISH WOUNDED.

9119102C



A wounded British officer being carried on board a hospital ship. He is being conveyed to a specially prepared cabin on a soft stretcher. The medical appointments on board these ships are perfect. Caring for the comfort of the wounded has been brought to a science.

FORT MUSTAPHA NOW IN RUINS.

911904F



Fort Mustapha, which is now in ruins. It was here that the Turks made a stand against the British. Up to the present they have made a very poor show against our troops.

TURKISH PACK-HORSE.

91128C



This is the kind of load which the Turks make their horses carry. Their methods of transport are in many ways primitive.

HEROISM UNDER FIRE.

P. 16996



For gallantly at Violaines saving a wounded officer under heavy shell fire, Sergeant H. Cox, of the Dorsets, has received the D.C.M.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

9323



The tallest and shortest men in the Dutch Army photographed together at Fort Kwakkel, where they are both on duty protecting Dutch neutrality and watching events on the frontier.

“COUNTRY LIFE” Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure
Virginia Tobacco

10 FOR 2¹/₂d. 20 FOR 5^d.
50 FOR 1.

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P45



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THE CENTURY POTTERY. DEPT D.M.2, BURSLEM, STAFFS

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Meds. Delspar, Hanaka, Sim, Carroll, Balfour, Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Gratian's Revue, "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanaka in "Oak," at 8.30. Mats. To-day and Thurs. 2.30.
APOLLO—2.30 and 8.30.—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. C. Carlton.
At 2 and 8, Chas. Cory. Matinee Weds. Sats. at 2.
COMEDY.
TO-DAY, 3 and 9. MAT. WEDS. and SATS. at 2.
Preceded, at 2.30 and 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.
DALY'S, Leicester-square.
Mats. Weds. and Sats. at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices).
DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED.
To-day, 1.30 and 7.30. Mats. Weds. and Sats. 1.30.
George Graves, Will E.ans, Bertram Wells, Rene Mayer.
Box-office open, 10 to 10. Gerrard 2588.
DUKE OF YORKS.
TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.
CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING, at 8.
GARRICK. 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI.
Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. at 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 9513.
CLOSE—To-day, 2.30. Evgt. 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
MISS LAURENCE TAYLOR in THE O' MY HEART.
HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT.
ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sats. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.
HIS MAJESTY'S.
To-day, 2 and 8. Matinee Weds. and Sats. at 2.
Extra Matinee, Thursdays, Feb. 18 and 25.
HURST TEEB.
TO-NIGHT (Saturday) at 7.30.
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY, LENA ASHVELL. HENRY AINLEY. After Tonight, Night, 8.30. Weds. Sats. 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S.
A New Play, by Randolph Beiler.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARIÉ LOIR.
Matinee, Weds. Sats. at 2.30. Box-office, Ger. 5903.
SAVOY.
Tonight, at 8.30. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS," by H. A. Vachell. At 8, "The Plumbers." Matinee, Wednesday next.

ROYALTY.
TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAT. THURS. SATS. at 2.30.
SCALA. KINEM. COLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.
WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.
ANIMATED WAR MAPS. LAND AND SEA BATTLES.
SHAFESBURY.
TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.
THE TALES OF HOFFMANN.
Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.
STRAND THEATRE.
TO-DAY, at 2.30; To-night, at 8.
MATS. WEDS. SATS. at 2.
WIDERS WILFUL.
JULIA KRILSON and FRED TERRY.
Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.
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Including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime.
Varieties, 8. Revue, 8.30. Mat. Saturdays, 2.30.
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AMBERST THORNE. VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRI LEON.
PALACE—Christmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW (last 2 weeks, with Br. baby Williams, Basil Ballam, Nelson Keys, Gwendoline Brogden, Little June, Lewis Sydney (new scenes, new songs, tableaux, "Le Here"), Dorothy Varick, etc. War Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30.
MATINEES, WED and SAT., at 2.
6.10 and 8.—EVIE GREENE, HETTY KING, FEMINA QUARTETTE, WOODWARD'S SEALS, T. R. DUNVILLE.
MAY MOORE DUPREZ, SAMMY SHIELDS.
SUNDAY EVENING BALLAD CONCERT, at 7.
At 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.
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MASKELINE and DEWANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.50. Seats, 1s. to 5s. CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.
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PERSONAL.

P.—As arranged for Tuesday.—Light.
O. B. L.—Not mine Sat. Longing see you. Yours causing headache.
ICEBERG—14th, place before indicated 5 o'clock throbbing sunshine forgive fateful errors.—Missph.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.

MARKETING BY POST.

GAME! Game!! Game!!!—4 Partridges 4s., 3 Hazel Hen 3s. 6d., 2 Wild Duck 4s. 6d., 3 Teal 3s. 3d., Wild Duck and 3 Partridges 5s. 4d., Shoulder Lamb and 2 Partridges 5s. 6d., Hare and 2 White Grouse 5s. 3d., Hare and 2 Chickens 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed. Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgeware-road, London, W.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Beld's Teeth Society Ltd.—Gas 24; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired.—Call or write, Sec. 624, Oxford-st, Marble Arch. Teles. Mayfair 5559.

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ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; almost value for return or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, 63, Oxford-st, London. Estbd. 100 years.
C—best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for parcels.—Myers, 98, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1843 Park.
COMBINGS.—Ladies' Combing bought, 3d. per oz., no tails.—Thompson 432, Wandsworth-rd. S.W.
GENT'S Ladies left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

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EDUCATIONAL.

THE Phonographic method of French, which ensures a perfect French accent, is taught by Miss Laura Bush at her Studio 14, Hanover-st. W.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, single girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly by Derek Trench. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a goddess to the Hopewells and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hopewell, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for the time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever maneuvering Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hopewell saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He has booked a passage back when he suddenly meets Jean. She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000, and Derek goes off to Folkestone to find Jean. Lionel sees her, and she promises not to run away from him again.

Unfortunately, Derek calls on Creswick to say that he has seen Lionel off, he accidentally drops two chair tickets from Folkestone. Creswick is instantly suspicious and stops the cheque.

FAY'S TERROR.

WHEN Ashley Creswick walked out of his bank on the Monday morning after giving particulars of the cheque that was to be stopped, he was seized with a brilliant idea.

Calling a cab, therefore, (it fretted his economical soul that he had just dismissed his own chauffeur), he drove round to the Marconi Company's offices and "wireless" the chief purser of his brother's boat, reply paid, asking him if any passenger of his brother's name was on board.

The answer, when it came late in the afternoon, set all his doubts at rest and fully justified in his own mind the action he had taken.

"Lionel Craven," said the message, "booked berth, but has not sailed."

He had much to do that day, but business seemed to have lost its grip on him. Before the reply came he was restless and fidgety, and afterwards full of excitement.

Curiously enough, he was no longer alarmed. Although all the vague fears and suspicions which had kept him nervous and depressed for the last few weeks—ever since Lionel came home, in fact—had now materialised and come to a head, and although he felt quite sure now that the worst had happened and that Lionel had discovered the fraud which had been perpetrated upon him, yet he was no longer dispirited and he was the old shrewd man of business fighting against difficulties with his back to the wall.

When the telegram was brought to him he lost no time in telephoning Fay. There was a tingle in his blood which made his voice sound almost as if he were the bearer of good news.

"Is that you, Fay?" he cried, and his voice seemed to ring with suppressed excitement.

"It's I, Ashley. . . No, no, Ashley. . . Yes. (Translating, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

I have got news of Lionel. . . An idea occurred to me this morning to send a wireless message to the ship. . . I have got the reply; he isn't on board. He never sailed. . . What's the matter, Fay? Are you all right? . . . He listened for some time longer at the receiver, then, slowly and reluctantly, cut off the connection. . . Then for some minutes he sat silently in his chair tracing little lines and circles on the blotting-paper before him.

He was getting anxious about Fay. It was no use in trying to disguise the matter from himself; a startling change of some kind had come over the little woman.

He took up her photograph, which always stood on an easel frame in front of him, and looked at it with a troubled frown.

Numberless clients had noticed that photograph with wonder on their faces. Hopeful men and women about to consummate the raising of a loan had seen in it a proof that the man with whom they were dealing had a heart; dejected and exasperated wretches who called in a vain attempt to stave off the price of their indiscretion marvelled that such a Shylock could have natural affections.

Perhaps it was a paradox, for if ever a man in this world was unselfish in the love he gave to a woman, it was Ashley Creswick. He got nothing for it; he knew the bottom of his heart that Fay disliked him, and he was fully conscious that she extracted every penny she was worth with a scarcely concealed sneer for his weakness.

And yet every wish she expressed was law. She had only to hint at something that was necessary to her happiness and he would have moved heaven and earth to get it.

It was a paradox, inasmuch as it was no small thing for him to part with his money. His avarice, which had started in his young days as praiseworthy thrift, had grown, and was growing into a vice of the most open and contemptible kind.

Yet in a way it was not a paradox. His love and adoration for his wife were part and parcel of that cold egotism which held everything in its vicious clutch.

Easily as he gave way to her exacting wishes it was, perhaps, only that he wanted to tighten his hold on her, to keep her to himself, to gloat over the beauty of her face and to say to himself, like the miser he was: "All this is mine—mine!"

And now this wonderful pearl of his was losing its lustre. Some mysterious blight had fallen on her spirits.

It was nothing to him that the change made him almost gentle with him. He would have preferred the hard, cold brightness of her sneers and the bitterness of a tongue which was seldom silent.

As he sat there he wondered whether it was the weakness of his own that was worrying her; he thought it might be so. A woman's nerves were curious things, and although at the first outset their plotting and scheming had seemed to imbue her with a wild vivacity, there was no knowing what the reaction might be.

At last he could stand it no longer and went home. There was plenty of business to be done; letters to be written and clients to see, but it was no use to attend to it in his present state of mind.

Besides, although he could not have heard yet about the cheque, Trench might be round again, and he wanted to be at the spot.

A new idea occurred to him as he went home, and the more he thought of it the more convinced he was that he had hit on the secret of Fay's depression. She was fretting for her son. He must reach her himself; for his denseness in not seeing it before; he might have known that such a devoted mother as she was could not be parted from her boy for the first time in his life without grieving.

He was very gentle with her when he came in, so much so that she looked up at him almost with fear on her face, as if she were asking herself what strange development protruded.

"You're home early!" she said anxiously. "I couldn't work, my dear," he explained, fondling her hand. "It was very cold and lifeless and remained passively in his, without resistance. He could almost have wished she would snatch it from his grasp with some sarcastic phrase on her lips, as she would have done a week ago.

"Your voice sounded so depressed on the 'phone," he continued, "that I wondered what was the matter. I thought perhaps this new development of Lionel's affair was worrying you."

Fay shook her head wearily. "I'm sick to death of the whole matter," she said, "but, although I know it looks serious, it's surprising how little I care about it."

Ashley smiled. "I think I know what's the matter with the little woman," he said, nodding his head significantly.

"What do you know?"

Fay brought out the question in quick staccato tones. In spite of the reassuring affability of his face, she was almost betrayed into panic at his unexpected remark.

"Dear, dear, how lumpy we are!" he said. He smoothed her hair tenderly, without rebuke. "I believe I'm a selfish old bear, after all," he continued. "You've told me so often enough, and upon my word, I think it's true. You're fretting for Eric."

Fay looked up piteously. "Eric?" she said. "Now, don't deny it. You know you can't beath of the whole matter. It's only three weeks or so the holidays, and you won't do him any harm—we'll have him home."

Fay half turned in her chair and clutched his arm frantically. "No, no," she cried.

"But why on earth not?" Ashley was frankly puzzled.

Fay realised her mistake. The boy's homecoming for his holiday was the terror that was weighing her down. Day and night the thought haunted her that she would have to take the boy about and that Paul Schroder would meet them. She turned again to her husband, and her face wore a pathetic imitation of her old gay smile.

"You're a dear old thing," she said, "and you're always thinking about me, but we must not interfere with Eric's education. You know how I've set my heart on his being a great man. I'm run down, Ashley; my nerves seem to have gone all to pieces. If you want to be kind to me—"

"You know I do."

"Well, then, take me away. Take me abroad."

"But what about Eric?"

"Nothing would delight him more. We could call at the school for him and take him straight away."

The smile disappeared for a moment from Ashley's face. It was the old tussle between his love for his wife and his love for his son. He knew what Fay's idea of a trip abroad meant. Yet another glance at her pale, drawn face made him relent.

"You got some strange ideas, my dear; but if you think it really will do you good . . . Where would you like to go?"

"I'll think it over, Ashley," she replied.

DEREK CALLS.

ASHLEY CRESWICK was rather surprised that the Thursday came and went without bringing any signs of Derek Trench. He wanted to get to close quarters, to know the worst and to face the accusation he felt sure was coming.

He made no attempt to minimise the danger; he had taken a full and accurate stock of his enemy's dispositions.

And yet, there was the fact that Lionel had cleverly and deliberately deceived them; that he had pretended to sail for Africa without the slightest intention of doing so; that with a duplicity for which no one would have given him credit, he had gone down to Southampton in order to despatch that misleading and hypocritical telegram and had then doubled back on his tracks to Folkestone.

Suddenly, there was the startling fact which Fay had brought to his notice, that Lionel had been seen tampering with the safe in the library, and coupled with this was the extraordinary sequel of the finding of Fream's letters relating to the legacy.

In his own mind Ashley had very little doubt as to what had happened. The Delavals, it seemed to him, had placed these letters in his brother's hands. Lionel had been reading them in the library when he lacked the opportunity, and, failing any other place of concealment, had thrust them quickly into the safe.

Why he had left them there without any further effort to recover them Ashley could not imagine. Possibly he lacked the opportunity, or perhaps he had obtained all the information he wanted.

Whatever was the correct solution of the mystery, one thing was clear—that he could not make any move until he had seen either Lionel or his friend Trench.

It worried him that they were lying so low. A dozen times a day he figured out in his mind how long it would take the stopped cheque to find its way back to the payee's hands.

With his intimate knowledge of the workings of banks, he could not by any stretch of circumstances give it any longer than the Thursday morning. Probably Trench was known, and that would account for it. He was most likely still down at Folkestone with Lionel.

He tried to see clearly through the veil of uncertainty, with which the silence of the two young men shrouded everything. He pictured a council of war at that South Coast watering-place—old Delaval and his daughter, Derek and Lionel, and perhaps a solicitor.

(Continued on page 11.)

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

Delicious "California Syrup of Figs" Can't Harm Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Every mother realises, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels, without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or when the breath is bad and the stomach disordered, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. When its little system is "stuffy" with a cold, when it has sore throat, stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a child from being ill to-morrow. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d.—(Adv.)

We tell you of the Purity and Quality of TOFFEE de LUXE because we alone know of the good things put into it.

—You can judge of its flavour and deliciousness for yourself.

GARDENING.
SEEDS—Free trial packets, with bargain Lists Seed Potatoes, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees; cash or easy terms.—A. Lighton, 57, Kilton, Boston.

SITUATIONS VACANT.
A. Can you stick? If you can make money by it.—Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.
CORN'S Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d. Needham's, 297, Edgware-road, London, W.
HOW to cure Nervous Breakdown—If you have wrecked your nerves by overwork or worry, and you feel weak, and you are unable to write for any free booklet on Nervous Breakdown.—If you feel mentally upset, depressed or suffer from neurasthenia, it will teach you more in 5 minutes than you will gain in years by experience.—Address Charles Gordon (Dept. M.), 60, Great Russell-st., Bradford, Yorks.
THE Wizard's Hair Remover, guaranteed harmless and effective.—Lloyd's Pharmacy, High-street, Margate.

FOR DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR OR IRRITATING SCALP—1/1½ DANDERINE

Girls! Girls! Save Your Hair! Make it Grow Luxuriant and Beautiful.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and

itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die, then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 1/1½ bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff, no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. It eventually—why not now?





Lt.-Col. Murray-Threipland.

The Welsh Guards.

I heard much discussion of the new addition to the Brigade of Guards and of Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Threipland, its colonel, yesterday, and they tell me that half the Welsh officers in the Army are applying for appointments in the newest of Guards battalions, the Welsh. But they also tell me that Colonel Murray-Threipland is a man who knows his men, and the officers who do get appointments will have to produce some very good reasons for them.

Guards' Privileges.

The arrival of the Welsh Guards into the Army will bring the Brigade of Guards up to fourteen battalions. The Grenadiers and the Coldstreamers are each four battalions strong now; the Scots Guards muster three, and the Irish two. The Guards possess all sorts of privileges other regiments lack. Among them is the right to march through the City of London with fixed bayonets, the honour of guarding royal palaces, the duty of providing the Bank of England guard and the right to be commanded only by their own officers.

What the Buttons Tell.

The Guards, as a great ceremonial brigade, in peace times are very particular about their uniform. They all wear the same—scarlet with blue facings—but they are distinguished by many definite differences. The buttons on the tunic, for instance. The Scots Guards buttons are in groups of two, the Irish Guards in groups of three, and the Grenadiers buttons in groups of four. The Grenadiers' buttons are in regular order. People are already wondering how the Welsh Guards' buttons will be grouped.

Cap Bands, Too.

Then the cap bands. The Irish Guards wear a green band round their caps, the Grenadiers red, the Coldstreamers white, and the Scots a plaid. With regard to the badges, the Scots and Irish wear their national emblems, the thistle and the shamrock respectively. The Coldstreamers carry the Star of the Garter, and the Grenadiers, appropriately, a grenade.

Probably the Feathers.

I was asking a patriotic Welshman yesterday what emblems and distinctions he thought the new Welsh battalion ought to wear. The traditional emblem of Wales is the leek, but he thought this probably would be inappropriate. Mr. Lloyd George has recently put forward the claims of the daffodil as the Welsh national flower, but that seems to lack historic confirmation, so we agreed that it was most likely that the Welsh Guard would wear a distinguishing badge of the Prince of Wales's feathers.

But Things Will Happen First.

But Wales has other emblems; the red dragon of her flag, for instance. That might be used, and as for cap band, the national colour of Wales is a dark green. But probably these nice little details of parade and ceremony will not worry the new guards very much. They will be born into the all-leveelling uniform of khaki, and there will be plenty of time to arrange the other little details of scarlet and buttons after the great Potsdam parade, which will come before we know the days of peace again.

Why Jack's Face Fell.

A little incident I watched in a post office yesterday shows how ready people are to do Jack a good turn. A merry-looking sailor home on leave presented his savings book and asked that £3 should be handed to him. "Sorry I can't give it you all now," said the man behind the counter, "the rules don't allow a sum of more than £1 to be withdrawn without notice. You can have the rest in a few days." Jack's face fell, and he explained that he had only forty-eight hours' leave, and wanted the money to take out his mother and his sweetheart.

Forward the Banker.

Jack, very disconsolate, prepared to go away. But just then an old man who had watched the scene stepped forward and said to him, "Would you let me be your banker for a day or two? Take the pound they'll give you, and I'll lend you two more. You can pay me when you like." Jack hesitated a moment, looked very much embarrassed and very grateful, and took the money.

Success at the Savoy.

I think that "Searchlights," Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new play, will bring success to the Savoy Theatre and Mr. H. B. Irving. It is a strong, human piece of drama, and all the characters are illuminated by the sudden reflection of war flare. It is not in any sense a war play, with trumpets and drums and quick-firers. It is rather the story of a dark domestic problem that would never have been solved but for the searchlights of war.

Splendid Acting.

One of the few really great actors left to the English stage, Mr. H. B. Irving gave a wonderful performance as Robert Blaine, wonderful for its suggestion of restrained emotion, its strong essential lines of deep-cut character, and that sense of personal dignity which Mr. Irving's father left him as a heritage. Mr. Phoebe of Miss Margery Maude was, of course, a delightful creature, a personality charged with a certain grace and spiritual beauty that would touch any scene with the poetic glamour of romance.

A Family Audience.

As for the audience, it was quite a family affair. Miss Winifred Emery was there to watch over the success of her daughter, Miss



Miss Lydia Bilbrooke.

Margery Maude. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, in some sort of uniform, was naturally interested in the performance of his wife, Miss Fay Davis as Mrs. Blaine—a fine performance this—while Miss Lydia Bilbrooke was there to see her husband, Mr. Reginald Owen, in the characteristic part of Harry. Young Mr. Val Prinsep seemed quite enthusiastic over the success of his mamma-in-law, Miss Kate Bishop.

Dramatists All.

Mr. Prinsep sat with Mrs. Kendal. Not far away was Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., who has not done much in the dramatic line lately. Probably politics and war and law are engrossing his energies. In another row was another dramatist, Miss Gladys Unger. The author of "Searchlights" did not make his appearance until the end of things, when an enthusiastic audience insisted on Mr. Vachell's appearance on the stage.

Valley of Dreams.

I wonder how many people know that the Suczawa Valley, where Russians and Austrians are now engaged in furious battle, is also known as the Valley of Dreams? I spent a couple of days in the quaint little town of Suczawa while on a holiday in the Bukovina and then learnt why the Carpathian maidens are attached to the Valley of Dreams.

How to Find Lovers.

According to local superstition the valley has always been an exceedingly lucky place for love-sick maidens. In order to find the identity of her future husband a Carpathian girl has to steal out of her house at midnight during Easter week, and by looking steadily at any water she will see the countenance of the man she will marry. Perhaps it is only a trick of the senses, but, any way, all the people there firmly believe in it.

They Don't Mind.

At a certain big girls' school near London, and very likely at many others, there is a thing called bomb drill. At the ringing of a certain bell the whole school have to dash down to the cellars and stay there till further orders. The cellars are unfurnished, and, as the girls are kept there in the cold and dark for quite a considerable time, this drill would appear very dull. But it isn't. It would be a little friend told me, if it wasn't for the apples packed down there!

Why?

I will ask you what would you reply in this case. It is too much for me. A man I know very well was taking out his three-year-old daughter for a walk. This incorrigible child was always asking difficult questions. Shortly after they started for their walk they met a cow. "What's that, daddy?" asked the mite. "A cow," answered her father; right for once. "Why?" asked Miss Mischief. Well; what would you say?

Wedding Gifts and a Dress.

My fair Gossip who was at the wedding of Lord Francis Scott and Lady Eileen Elliot tells me that the jewelled wedding presents sent by the King and Queen were extremely beautiful. In fact, she seems to have divided her admiration between them and the bride's dress, which she describes as a dream of draped panne velvet, improved by a veil of fine Brussels net and lace, with a chaplet of orange buds and a transparent train of Brussels lace and chiffon. This was carried by her two pages, their Court costumes carried out in dull mauve velvet and white satin, and they were followed by four charming little girls, all nieces of the bride and bridegroom.

85,000 Soldiers Made Happy.

We finish up the week's football campaign well into the eighteenth hundred. Up to last night 1,707 footballs had been distributed to the troops, a total that must have made at least 85,000 men happier, for fully fifty can get amusement out of one football. Not a bad record, I think.

We Mustn't Disappoint "Tommy."

But there are more than 85,000 men in our Army just now, and to judge from my post many thousands are still waiting on us to supply them with a means of recreation. So we must get some more footballs yet to satisfy "Tommy." Magnificently as we have done, we cannot be beaten now. "Tommy," who is kicking about a piece of sacking or an old sock stuffed with straw, writes to us sublimely confident that we can send him back a real football by return of post, and we mustn't disappoint him. So more, please.

Golden Weddings.

Looking through a list of anniversaries the other day, I noticed that this year will produce two golden weddings in the peerage, both in August. On the last day of that month Lord and Lady Listowel celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, and just one week earlier will be the golden wedding day of Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell.

A Crimean Veteran.

Lord Listowel, who is eighty-two in May, is a Crimean veteran, and an old Scots Fusilier, who was badly wounded at the Alma. He was Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and is a large landowner in Cork, where is Connamore, his seat near Ballyhooley—the name means the town of apple blossoms, the district having once produced much cider.

Son of Famous "Jock" Campbell.

Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell are very worried just now, for their eldest son, Captain J. Campbell, Coldstream Guards, has been posted as "missing." Lord Stratheden is the son of the distinguished lawyer "Jock" Campbell, who was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1859. Lord Stratheden and Campbell is in his eighty-sixth year, though he hardly looks his age. He is interested in athletics, and especially in the doings of Eton and Cambridge.

To Aid Recruiting.

There is to be a very fine concert at the Queen's Hall on March 6, I hear. The proceeds are to go to swell the Lord Mayor's Fund to provide bands to assist recruiting. Mr. R. W. Burbidge is to be in the chair, and the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress have promised to attend. I hear that the list of artists is nearly complete and is a fine one, and the band of the 1st Life Guards is to play.

THE RAMBLER.

6½d. and 3½d.
are the prices of
Quaker Oats

We offer our apologies to those who during the past few weeks could not obtain Quaker Oats—the enormous increased demand and traffic delays having made it impossible for us to keep all Grocers fully supplied.

We can now say, however, that within a few days Quaker Oats can be obtained everywhere. Quaker Oats is the most economical food you can buy.

Please advise us if you cannot obtain Quaker Oats from your regular Grocer, and we will at once investigate.

QUAKER OATS LTD., 11 & 12, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

What was he going to do? In spite of his resolution to fight the thing to the last gasp, he could not tell whether there was any firm ground under his feet.

He groaned inwardly at the thought that he might have to disgorge the money he had stolen. In spite of his wealth, it would mean comparative ruin.

There was forty thousand pounds to be accounted for. The money was there all right—he had always eased his conscience by telling himself that some day he could pay it—but what would it mean?

It would mean calling it in from a hundred lucrative quarters, withdrawing it from securities which were bringing him in a princely income, in order to place it in the hands of an unbusinesslike spendthrift.

Worse than all, it would mean depriving Fay of those luxuries which he knew, with a blind instinct, represented the only hold he had on her.

It was on the Friday afternoon that Derek Trench made his long-expected appearance. He did not, as before, call at Ashley's house at Kensington, but walked briskly into the office in the City. A clerk told him Mr. Creswick was in, but likely to be engaged for some time.

"I'll wait, then," said Derek. "Take in my card as soon as you can."

He sat down in the dingy waiting-room, and Mr. Parker, whose duty it was to put new clients at their ease, came in with a paper for him to read.

Derek Trench looked at him curiously and with a quicker interest. He remembered the description given to him by the shipping company's manager. "A short, stout gentleman in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat," he said musingly to himself. "We're getting warm," as the kids say. He waited another ten minutes, and then Mr. Parker again opened the door.

"Mr. Creswick can see you now, sir," he said.

There will be an interesting instalment on Monday.

TIGHTENING OUR GRIP ON SHIPS.

The text was issued yesterday of a measure to preclude the transfer of British ships to persons not entitled to own British ships.

The Bill provides that a transfer made after February 12, 1915, of a British ship registered in the United Kingdom, or a share therein, to a person not qualified to own a British ship, shall have any effect unless the transfer is approved by the Board of Trade.

Any person who makes or purports to make such a transfer without that approval will be guilty of a misdemeanour.

KAISER AS BOGUS FILM AGENT.

PARIS, Feb. 12.—According to a telegram from Salonika published here the Kaiser has sent to the Turkish Government some films of "war scenes" in France and Belgium.

These are to be exhibited publicly for the purpose of backing up the telegrams disseminated by the Wolff Bureau. One of these films, it is alleged, is 5,500 yards long, and represents the taking of Paris and the entry of German troops.—Central News.

Marching along, steady and strong, our soldiers at the front keep their feet in good condition by rubbing them with CHERRY BLOSSOM BUTTER. Made by the makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.—(Adv.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Two New R.A.'s.

Mr. John Alfred Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., and Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., were yesterday elected Royal Academicians.

Owner of Stonehenge Dead.

Colonel Sir Edmund Antrobus, owner of Stonehenge, died yesterday at Amesbury Abbey, his Wiltshire residence, at the age of sixty-seven.

Premier Sees General Garibaldi.

General Garibaldi visited the Premier at 10, Downing-street yesterday, and the interview, which was of a cordial nature, lasted almost half an hour.

Lord Kitchener Visits the King.

Lord Kitchener and Lieutenant-Colonel W. Murray-Threipland, who is to raise the newly-authorised Welsh Battalion of Guards, were received yesterday by the King.

Calling Up the Willing.

The military authorities, as the result of the recent census conducted by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, are calling up those who signed to enlist if called upon to do so.

Leaps for Life.

A collision occurred on the Great Western Railway at Pontypool road Junction yesterday between an express from Bristol to Birmingham and a rail motor-car. The driver and attendant of the car jumped clear a moment before the collision.

FOG SPOILS RACING.

A dense fog threatened to prevent racing taking place at Hurst Park yesterday, and although it lifted sufficiently to enable the programme to be carried out, little could be seen of the horses until they were close home.

Irish Mail and Balcadden, two prominent Grand National horses, fought out a desperate finish in the Thames Steeplechase, the former winning a great race by a head. Selections for to-day are as follow—

- 2.0.—Teddington Hurdle—HARE'S SELECTED.
- 2.30.—Weir Steeplechase—DUNNINGTON.
- 3.0.—Grange Steeplechase—GORE'S SELECTED.
- 3.30.—Molesey Hurdle—KATANGA.
- 4.0.—Notices Steeplechase—CAPTAIN DREYFUS.
- 4.30.—Notices Hurdle—CIGAR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

DONNINGTON and CIGAR. BOUVERIE.

HURST PARK RACING RETURNS.

- 2.0.—Walton Hurdle. 2m.—Ulster (4-1, Mr. Brahazon), 1; Chalk Stream (10-1), 2; Direction (11-4), 3. 7 ran.
- 2.30.—Hampton St. Chase. 2m.—Les Ormes (7-2, Avila), 1; Syncope (7-2), 2; Tambour Baitant (5-1), 3. 7 ran.
- 3.0.—Thames St. Chase. 3m.—Irish Mail (11-8, Mr. Brahazon), 1; Balcadden (11-8), 2; Rory O'More (10-1), 3. 5 ran.
- 3.30.—Mole Hurdle. 2m.—Stargantes (6-1, Hives), 1; Sunny Eve (100-7), 2; Beth (7-1), 3. 14 ran.
- 4.0.—Fairyway St. Chase. 2m.—Meridian (4-5, Mr. Hartigan), 1; Ballyhist (7-1), 2; Chang (100-7), 3. 4 ran.
- 4.30.—Maiden Hurdle. 2m.—Blue Danube (10-1, Parfrenant), 1; Desmond's Song (4-7), 2; The Hero (100-5), 3. 10 ran.

Johnny Summers and Kid Doyle, the undefeated Newcastle welter-weight boxer, have signed articles to contest three rounds at the Liverpool Stadium on February 16.

On behalf of Lord Rothschild's Red Cross Fund, an amateur billiard handicap will be played at Soho-square, commencing on Monday, March 8. The entrance fee has been fixed at 10s. 6d.

In view of the increased public interest in boxing, the Ring is now staging special twenty-round contests every Saturday night. The first of these will take place tonight between Billy Williams, a coming welter-weight champion, and that clever boxer, Alessandro.

Don't Waste Crusts and Stale Bread—

Use them to make this most delicious Bread Pudding, and serve it with BIRD'S Custard as a HOT Sauce.

BREAD PUDDING.

1lb. bits of Bread and Crusts; 4oz. Flour; 4oz. Sugar; 4-teaspoonful each of Cinnamon and Mixed Spice; 3oz. Suet (finely chopped); 2oz. each of Currants, Sultanas, Raisins and Peel; 1 Saltspoonful of Salt; 1 piled up teaspoonful of BIRD'S EGG SUBSTITUTE.

Soak bread in water 3 hours, or overnight. Squeeze dry, and with a fork, beat out all lumps. Mix other ingredients, keeping quite dry. Then add the bread. Tie well greased paper over basin, and steam 4 hours.

Pour over one pint BIRD'S Custard piping hot!

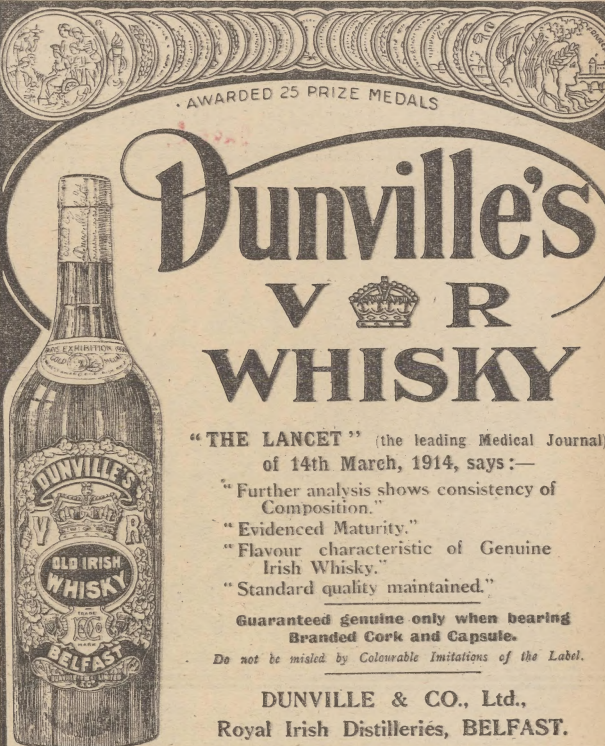
Bird's

the Nutritious CUSTARD

transforms the plainest pudding into a delightful treat. Try it also served with Apple Pudding, Jam Roly, etc.

2 pkts. for 1½d. 4d & 7½d boxes, Large Tins.

Cut 15



AWARDED 25 PRIZE MEDALS

Dunville's

V R WHISKY

"THE LANCET" (the leading Medical Journal) of 14th March, 1914, says:—

"Further analysis shows consistency of Composition."

"Evidenced Maturity."

"Flavour characteristic of Genuine Irish Whisky."

"Standard quality maintained."

Guaranteed genuine only when bearing Branded Cork and Capsule.

Do not be misled by Colourable Imitations of the Label.

DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Royal Irish Distilleries, BELFAST.

IVELCON HOT!

A steaming hot cupful of delicious invigorating Ivelcon is just the thing to make this cold weather as enjoyable as it should be.

Ivelcon is made from the essence of prime lean beef and fresh vegetables. It is one of the most popular winter beef beverages on the market.

Place one cube in a breakfast cup, add boiling water, and instantly this delicious beef beverage is ready. It is easy to prepare, inexpensive to buy, and a cup that cheers everybody.

6 cubes, 6d.; 12 cubes, 1/-; 50 cubes, 3/6

From Grocers and Stores



ST. IVEL LTD., YEovil, SOMERSET

PALETHORPES'

ROYAL SAUSAGES

CAMBRIDGE



Same PRICE as before the WAR.



WHAT THEY ARE MADE OF

Sold Everywhere!

General Joffre, the Soldiers' Friend, Inspecting Troops: Photograph

THE Funeral of the Late
Lord Londonderry at
Long Newton : Pictures

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

WONDERFUL Dogs at
Gravesend Coursing
Club Meet : Photographs

RUSSIA DOES HONOUR TO SERBIA.

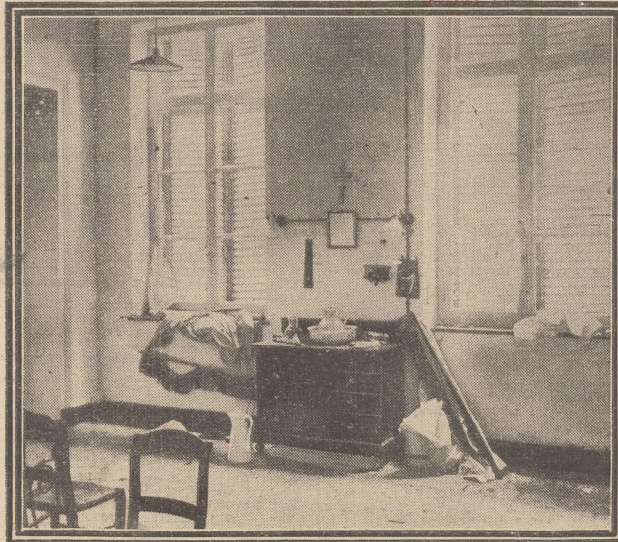
9485 L



The famous Krémelin in Moscow was lately the scene of a wonderful and impressive demonstration in honour of Serbia and the Serbian people. Enormous Russian crowds carrying Serbian banners thronged the streets of Moscow.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PRISON.

94910 H



The humble bedroom in the palace at Malines which is at present occupied by Cardinal Mercier, who is confined to the building by the orders of the German Government. The windows were smashed by German shells during bombardment.

SERGEANT WINS ACTION.

P. 16996



Sergeant John Gibbs, a member of the Stepney Borough Council, who sued the Great Western Railway for false imprisonment and assault. He was awarded £100 damages.

HUSBAND'S PETITION DISMISSED.

P. 16994



Mrs. Scoble, respondent in the Southend divorce suit which was dismissed yesterday, and Douglas Roland Drummond, the eighteen-year-old co-respondent. "I only want my honour and my baby," exclaimed Mrs. Scoble in answer to a question.



A MILITARY WEDDING.

P. 16996



Miss Angela Mayne, daughter of Captain Mayne, the Chief Constable for East Suffolk, and Captain Weld Blundell were married at Ipswich. They are seen leaving the church.

WHAT THE BELGIAN FARMER WILL FIND WHEN HE GOES BACK TO THE LAND.

9. 841



Belgian soldiers in their trenches on the Yser. To defend their native country, the men have had to dig deep holes in the ground, and this is the kind of thing that the farmer

will find when, the invader driven back, he returns to till the soil once more. In most cases their homes are in ruins and will have to be rebuilt.